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TALES.

AFTER THE BALL;

Or, the two Sir Williams.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

THE family of Sir John Wallington, a Yorkshire baronet, consisting of Lady Wallington, a son, two daughters, and a niece (the daughter of an elder brother) were preparing one evening for a public ball in their neighbourhood, with great but varied expectations of pleasure.

The anticipations of Lady Wallington would have been the most enviable, had not the prospect of seeing the admiration which her daughters would excite, been sullied by the hope of witnessing the mortification of those mothers whose daughters were contesting the palm of beauty with her own; while Miss Wallington and her sister Laura were too conscious of their personal charms, and too desirous of having the best partners in the room, to experience any feelings dear to the heart of benevolence.

Their brother, perhaps, was actuated by a more amiable selfishness; for he expected to meet his old college friend, Sir William Dormer, who had lately succeeded to an estate in the neighborhood, and was a desirable match for one of his sisters.—He also hoped to meet there another friend, Sir William Maberley, who, though not possessed of so large a property, might, he thought, suit the other sister.

He therefore anticipated valuable additions to his domestic circle, and his head was full of family aggrandizement. Besides, Major Wallington had also views for himself; Sir William Dormer had a sister, who lived with him, and who had inherited an immense fortune from her grandfather; and she was to make her first appearance that evening, previously to presiding at a ball which her brother and herself were to give the ensuing week, and to which they had already invited those who had paid their respects at Park Place.

But neither the sister nor the brother was as yet personally known to any one in the county, except Major Wallington. He therefore thought, and on good grounds, that an immediate introduction to his own family would be a desirable thing to these young strangers. His cousin Caroline had also her anticipations; but they were of a more humble nature. She felt, that in the presence of Anna and Laura she was not likely to be noticed; still, however, she was eager to see the two young men

who might be, so she was told, her future relations; and she was even more desirous to see Miss Dormer, as she had heard much of her amiable qualities, and fancied she might find in her a companion better suited to her retiring nature than the showy and flattered Miss Wallingtons.

The coach was now ordered round; and the Major had taken his mother's hand to lead her down stairs, when he received letters by express from his commanding officer, which compelled his immediate departure. He promised, however, to return as soon as he could; and telling him they must introduce themselves to his friend Maberley, for whom he should order a bed, and who would, he trusted, attend them home, he bade them farewell.

When the ladies reached the ball-room, they found that though Miss Dormer was there, neither of the Baronets had arrived.

However, respectable partners offered immediately for the three young ladies, and they joined the set; but Miss Wallington, who had always been used to begin the dance in that room, could hardly see with complacency, Miss Dormer, as the daughter of the elder Baronet, taking the lead.

This ball in other respects had nothing in it to distinguish it from former balls; but the Miss Wallingtons found it different from what their high-raised expectations had anticipated. In the first place, neither their brother nor his two friends were there; in the next, Miss Dormer did not desire to be introduced to them; and a feeling of pique made them for once not willing to put themselves forward, and request to be presented to her. Thirdly, they saw, that though not presented, Caroline had already formed an acquaintance with the heiress, and that it was evident she was prepossessed in their cousin's favour, as she made her a distinguishing curtsy on leaving the room. They were, however, made some amends by the sudden appearance of their brother, though evidently dressed for a journey, just as their carriage was ordered, bringing with him his friend the Baronet, whom he was introducing as his friend Sir William—when he was suddenly called away, and could only add, "I am very sorry that I am forced to leave you, Sir William; but I am sure my mother and sisters will be proud to do all they can to entertain you, and they expect you to accompany them home."

The Baronet bowed—Lady Wallington smiled and curtsied, as did her daughters, and the former saying that her carriage was at the door, Sir Wil-

liam, after placing them in it, took his station in spite of all entreaties, on the coach-box, leaving the ladies at liberty to comment on his person and manner, and to wonder whether Sir William Dormer was as handsome as this, their new guest Sir William Maberley.

When they reached Old Hall, Lady Wallington's first inquiry was for Sir John; but he was just gone to bed.

"Then he can't be asleep," murmured Lady Wallington; and she hastened to his bedside, to tell him Sir William Maberley was below, and he must rise to do the honors of Old Hall to him.

"And pray, what for?"

"Why, because he is James's friend—and—and for your daughter's sake, as it may be a good thing for them, you know."

"But a very bad thing for me to get up with the gout in my great-toe; therefore, for my own sake, I shall stay where I am; and I will not get up for all the Sir Williams, and all the daughters in the world."

"Selfish and self-willed as usual," muttered Lady Wallington, as she left the chamber, throwing the door to rather loudly, considering her husband's gout; and when she entered the dining-room, where a handsome supper had been prepared, she assured Sir William, that, but for a very bad fit of the gout, Sir John would have risen to welcome him to Old Hall, and that he desired her to assure her guest, he was *au desespoir* not to be able to enjoy his society.

The young Baronet, who was by no means a man of words, and from a sort of *mauvaise honte*, only too common to Englishmen, was never quite at ease with strangers, only bowed in return; and the party sat down to supper.

It was now increased by the presence of a lady whom Miss Wallington had graciously gone to summon, and now as graciously supported on her arm into the room; for youth and beauty appeared she well knew, to great advantage, while lending their aid to infirmity.

This lady, on being introduced to Sir William by the name of Mrs. Norman, took care to call his attention to this trifling piece of benevolence, by observing,

"My sweet young friend's angelic attention makes me not feel my lameness;" while the sweet young friend seated her by herself, and, patting her on the shoulder, insisted on her making a good supper, as she had been so foolish

as to sit up, on purpose to hear, all about the ball.

"Well, but you have told me nothing yet."

"No, nor can I, till I have supped. Sir William be so good as to help me to a leg of that chicken."

He obeyed. In the meanwhile the lame lady was questioning Miss Wallington, and whether she and her sister had made *any new conquests*.

"Nonsense!" cried both the young ladies at once; but Mrs. Norman, who knew such questions were usually welcome, had not *tact* enough to feel that they might be ill-timed in the presence of a stranger; and she still went on with,

"Well! and was the handsome young baronet, Sir William Dormer, there?"

"No; he was not," petulantly returned Miss Wallington, while the handsome young baronet who *was* present, looked up with a strong expression of astonishment; but he said nothing, and Miss Wallington feared that he was shocked at the petulance with which she had replied.

"Well, my Lady, and how did you like the ball?" resumed the *impracticable* Mrs. Norman. "But no doubt you liked it, and, as usual, felt yourself favoured of mothers?"

Lady Wallington smiled complacently, and said, "Yes, I felt that I was a fortunate mother; but there were others as much so. The Miss Selvyns looked lovely to-night, only they were *comme de coutume*, over-dressed. Their mother, though she has long been a private gentleman's wife, can't forget she was once on the stage; and she loads them and herself with such trumpery finery!"

"Ay, she does indeed; but you are too candid: the Selvyns can't look lovely."

"Oh! mamma quite patronizes their beauty, you know, Mrs. Norman; and I am sure it needs patronage. To-night these lovely creatures looked as red, as red cabbage, and red cabbage dipped in oil too."

"Oh, you clever creature! that was so like you!"

Miss Wallington, gratified by this praise of her wit, and fancying it would add to the piquancy of her beauty, went on with her observations.

"Yes, mamma is so over-candid. There was Mrs. O'Connor sprawling about her large limbs in a quadrille, and mamma looking on and asking me if I did not think the handsome widow improved in her dancing!"

"Well, indeed, I thought she was," said Caroline Wallington, with a timid manner and a blushing cheek.

"Ay, and so did I," said Miss Laura.

"There, Anne; it is three to one against you," observed Lady Wallington.

"No matter: I may be out-voted, but not convinced. All I can own is, that Mrs. O'Connor's foot has now a *plan to pursue*, since she took lessons in town; and before it was '*a mighty maze and quite without a plan*;' and as this foot kicked in all directions, she ought in common humanity to have cried out to those nearest her, 'Gare toes, gare toes!'" This lively sally, which she thought witty, drew forth smiles from Lady Wallington and her complaisant friend. But Miss Laura said "You are always so severe, Anne!" and Caroline looked very grave, while she observed, "How handsome Mrs. O'Connor is, *even now*!"

"She would not thank you for that compliment with the '*even now*' tacked to it; but you think everybody handsome, Caroline. I really do be-

lieve—don't blush—that you think *yourself* so."

"No, indeed, cousin Anne, that I do not," replied the poor girl, covered with the most becoming blushes; "and I am sure you do not think I ever did; and you only say it to—"

"To what?" cried Anne, rising and hiding her anger at the unuttered word under a smile, while she threw her beautiful arms gracefully round her agitated cousin, and kissed her cheek with seeming affection. "What did I do it for, dear Cary?"

Caroline had not courage now to say, "To tease me;" and while Sir William gazed on the exquisite form and graceful attitude of Miss Wallington, and saw her caressing manner towards her cousin, he forgot (as she thought he would) the unkind railery which had produced it.

Miss Wallington returned to her seat, agreeably conscious that the Baronet's eyes followed her with admiration.

"Well," now observed the curious Mrs. Norman; "well, and so Sir William Dormer, to the disappointment of all the young ladies, was not there, after all."

Not to my disappointment, I assure you," cried Miss Wallington, scornfully; "for I have been told he is very proud, reserved, and conceited, and not very good-looking."

"Dear me, Anne," cried her sister, "how changeable you are! It was only to-day that you said you would give any thing to know if he would be at the ball, and whether he liked fair or brown women."

"Nonsense! No such thing," replied Anne, blushing with anger at hearing her real sentiments thus exposed before Sir William Maberly; but Laura provokingly went on to say, "Yes, it is *true* sister; and you know what you said about Miss Dormer's ball, and about opening it with her brother."

Miss Wallington's reply was now prevented by Sir William's rising suddenly, and saying that it grew late, and he must go. But it was in vain that he made the attempt; Anne, with an air and a manner which she had often found irresistible, playfully set her back against the door, and looked up in his face with a fascinating smile; and while Sir William muttered a few unintelligible words, he suffered himself to be persuaded back to his seat; but it was evident that he was not at ease, and that though he resumed his chair, he did not resume his composure.

"It is very strange," said Caroline, "that not one of us has yet mentioned the great novelty of the evening, the young heiress, Miss Dormer."

"The less that is said of her the better, perhaps," observed Anne, "though it is wrong to judge of any one at first sight. I own, I was terribly disappointed in her."

"Indeed!" replied Caroline: "I am sure she quite equalled my expectations, high raised as they were."

"High raised! And pray, child," said Lady Wallington, "what could you know of Miss Dormer?"

"Oh! I know an intimate friend, a school-fellow of hers; and she described her as all that was amiable, and indeed she looks so. Why, is it possible, cousin Anne, that you do not think her face and countenance beautiful?"

"Beautiful! she is deformed."

"Her face is not; and the defect in her shape I should never have found out, if it had not been pointed out to me."

"No!—Why, her wretched style of dress called one's attention to it; it was so showy, and so unbecoming!"

"I must own it was too rich and splendid to suit my taste," said Caroline.

"Or your pocket either, my dear," said Lady Wallington "and Miss Dormer could have no *eye*, no taste, to adopt it."

"I dare say, dear aunt," replied Caroline, "Miss Dormer did not choose her own dress: I suspect that sweet-looking old lady with her chose it for her."

"And why?"

"Because she seemed so pleased with her appearance, and surveyed her and it with so much delight; and then she *stroked it down* with such complacency just before Miss Dormer began to dance; and looking so affectionately and so like a mother at her, I really could not help envying Miss Dormer a friend so *like a parent*; and I am told she lives with her, and *is* quite a mother to her. How delightful!"

Here the eyes of the warm-hearted girl filled with tears of affectionate regret; for she had not very long been an orphan. But less tender tears succeeded, when Lady Wallington with no very soothing tone exclaimed, "Caroline, you surprise me! I had flattered myself that you had found an affectionate mother in me and sisters in your cousins; and that *you* of *all* persons in the world, were not likely to envy Miss Dormer, or Miss *any* one. Really, Caroline, I did not think you had been so ungrateful!"

"Ungrateful! I! ungrateful!" cried the agitated girl, casting an appealing look at Lady Wallington. Then, unable to restrain her tears she left the room.

"I assure you, Sir William," said Lady Wallington, in the gentlest accents, "that girl, when her father, a most extravagant man, died, was received into our family, to be maintained by us, and has ever been considered and treated as a daughter."

"That she has," cried Mrs. Norman: "you may say so indeed."

"Nay, I claim no merit for what I did; it was only our duty. But I am very sorry that I have hurt the child's feelings. I think, Laura, or Anne you had better go to your cousin."

"Poor dear girl! I will go, mamma," cried Laura, who had the acuteness to see, by Sir William's downcast eye and continued silence, though addressed by his hostess, that the scene and the confidence reposed displeased him.

"Kind, good creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Norman. "Well, Lady Wallington, I have always said you are the happiest of mothers!"

When Caroline returned, the traces of recent tears were still visible on her cheek; and they almost began to flow again, on her aunt's kindly taking her hand, and saying she was a foolish child to be so soon overset, told her she must, as a proof of forgiveness, eat the pastry which she offered her Caroline obeyed her; looking up in her face as she prepared to do so, with so sweet and touching an expression of patient resignation, that Sir William, who caught the look, wondered he had not observed her sooner, and began to find out, that though

Anne and Laura were strikingly handsome, they had not the beauty of countenance which distinguished Caroline. Besides, he pitied her, and he remembered too, that she had eulogized and defended Miss Dormer.

"By the by, Caroline," said Miss Wallington, "you must explain to me, how it happened that you were the only one of our party whom the proud heiress deigned to notice. For my part, I thought it her place to desire to be introduced to me, as I saw that she felt herself my superior.—I dare say she only took her right precedence; but, as she was a stranger, and I, you know, usually begin the dance, I thought she might have offered me the place, though I should not have accepted it."

"You had no right to accept it, Anne," cried Laura, who was never sorry to mortify her domineering sister. "If Miss Dormer had waived her right at all, as the daughter of the elder baronet, it would have been in favor of Caroline, the child of papa's eldest brother, who ought always to stand above you."

"O dear!" replied the provoked Miss Wallington, "I always forget that Caroline has precedence of me; and I suppose from this time forward, as she and Miss Dormer seem to be already tender friends, I must make up my mind to see her pressed into the place of honor at balls."

"Miss Caroline knows her place better than to accept it, I am sure, observed Mrs. Norman, tossing up her head; "nor can I think, but that when Miss Dormer knows you, my sweet young friend, she will be eager to do you every honor in her power. But, perhaps, as she is very young, she might be awed by your dignified manner, and a little feeling of jealousy might prevent her seeking to know you; and—"

"Miss Dormer jealous, madam?" cried Caroline eagerly: "Oh! that is quite impossible."

"Why really the heiress and her smiles have turned thy head, Cary," said Anne, trying to conceal her spleen. "But come, explain how you were introduced."

"Oh! her waist-riband came unpinned in the dance; and—and as that sweet-looking old lady was not near her, I offered to pin it for her."

"Well, for a modest, timid girl, that was tolerably forward, Cary."

"Dear! do you think so?"

"It was very kind," said Sir William, breaking for the first time a long silence. "And what did Miss Dormer say to you?"

"She thanked me, and in such a tone of voice, and with such a smile, that I ventured, as I stood near her, to tell her I knew a friend of hers; and so we talked together the rest of the evening, whenever we had an opportunity."

"Quite a romantic friendship begun at first sight!" cried Miss Wallington: I see, Laura, you and I have no chance now of pleasing either the brother or the sister; it is *place prise*, and Cary carries all before her."

"Nay, dear Miss Wallington," said Mrs. Norman, "how can you talk so? I would lay any wager that Sir William Dormer will begin the ball at his own house with you."

"What in defiance of Caroline's rights, on which Laura has been so eloquent?" sarcastically answered Miss Wallington. "Cary," she continued, "I wish you would, as a friend, advise

Miss Dormer not to dance quadrilles, for her's really is not a figure to exhibit. I own, by padding, her crookedness is as much hidden as possible, and it might be possibly unnoticed in a country dance, but in a quadrille it must be obvious to all the world."

"I conclude you are joking," said Caroline, blushing. "I could never presume to wound any one's feelings by such advice; and after all, where there is so much to admire as there is in Miss Dormer, it would surely be most unkind in the by-standers to remark only her sole defect."

"Unkind! Was that aimed at me, madam?"

"Oh dear! No; it was a general observation."

"Pray," said Mrs. Norman, seeing the cloud gathering on the brow of the haughty Anne, "do tell me who this Miss Dormer is like? Can you, Miss Caroline, describe your idol? or did her effulgence blind you too much?"

"Really, madam, I cannot say whom she is like."

"She is like you," said Sir William, smiling with great complacency on Caroline: "I never saw two countenances more alike."

"Like her!" exclaimed Mrs. Norman: "why, I thought some one said she was handsome."

"So she is, madam, in my eyes," returned Sir William coldly. Caroline blushed with surprise and pleasure, while the sisters bit their lips.

Lady Wallington at length, after hemming to get rid of an involuntary *houseness*, remarked, "You know Miss Dormer, then?"

"Perfectly, madam."

"Perhaps you will be at her ball?"

"Certainly," he replied, smiling; "for—and—and"—Here some strange embarrassment broke off his speech; and looking at his watch, he suddenly rose, declared it was very late, and hastily bowing, prepared to depart.

"Oh no, indeed! you must not leave us yet," cried Lady Wallington: "perhaps you are musical, Sir William? Anne and Laura, perhaps Sir William would like to hear a duet?" Sir William declared he should be delighted; and Caroline sat down to accompany her cousins, who sung a duet.

The sisters sung admirably; and Caroline, in Sir William's opinion, accompanied admirably; but her cousins found fault with her, and the poor girl humbly asked their pardon.

Anne now challenged Sir William to dance a reel of three, and he accepted the challenge; while Caroline continued at the instrument. The reel over, the graceful sisters, preparing for a waltz, desired Caroline to play slowly and as well as she could. She did so; and Sir William surveyed with admiration their fine figures and graceful motions; but Caroline, whose whole soul was in the bewitching air, and whose countenance, as she gazed on her cousins, expressed the generous pleasure with which she beheld their excellence, did more than share his admiration with the dancers, till, much to their surprise and hers, he moved to the side of the instrument, and cried, "Bravo! bravo!" to her expressive playing.

This was the signal for the sisters to leave off waltzing: they hoped, however, that Sir William would offer to waltz with them, and give them an opportunity to show their sense of propriety by as-

suring him that they only waltzed with each other: but he was hanging over Caroline's chair, and begging her to indulge him with waltz again. She obeyed, but with a tremulous hand and a bewildered mind; for she was confused by such gratifying and unusual approbation, and observed her severely judging relations with sarcastic smiles watching her execution, till at last she was forced to declare her inability to go on—begging her cousins, who were so much more able, would take her place. Anne did so, and played what she called a voluntary, in a masterly style. "There Sir William!" cried Caroline, "that is playing!"

"And so was yours, in a different style."

He then complimented Anne on her perfect command of the instrument. She then played an *adagio* and a slow waltz; but Sir William did not praise the latter, nor encore it as he had done Caroline's.

Caroline now entreated her cousin Laura to sing her favorite song. "I will," she replied, "if you will accompany me, and promise not to blunder"

"I will try," she meekly replied; and Laura sang as follows:—

SONG.

"When'er the moon, in silver pride,
Illumes the soft-reflecting tide,
And spreads reviving luster wide,
Oh! then I think on thee, Henry."

For so upon my darken'd view
Thy love reviving splendors threw;
While life thou badest to shine anew,
And smile once more on me, Henry."

But ah! when o'er the rolling wave
I see destructive tempests rave,
While nought can struggling sailors save—
Then, then I think on thee, Henry."

For now thy heart is mine no more,
To me life's cheering light is o'er;
Despair's dark billows round me roar,
And thou hast shipwreck'd me, Henry."

The third verse was to a quick movement with a rapid bass, which Caroline executed so well, that Sir William could not help applauding her; and when the song was over, Caroline said with great *naivete*, "Well! I could never have supposed that while Laura was singing, any one could have heard my accompaniment!"

Her cousins were as much surprised as she was; and when Sir William next declared he must go, they did not press him to stay, though Lady Wallington said, "We expected you would sleep here, and a bed is prepared."

"A bed! is it possible? I have but a very little way to go, and I ought to have gone away long since, as my carriage has been here some time."

Then, not allowing Lady Wallington time to ring he darted out of the room, and they heard him drive off.

"I could lay any wager, Sir William Maberley is in love with Miss Dormer," cried Laura, as soon as he was gone.

"O heavens! if he is, how he must hate me!" said Anne.

"And like Caroline!" cried Laura.

"Yes; and if so, no wonder he thought Caroline by implication handsome. Upon my word, it would mortify me to be thought so by a man evidently so devoid of taste."

"Well said, Conceit!" cried Laura: "but you are always so satirical, Anne, and always cut up people so unmercifully."

"With a little of your assistance, my candid sister: if I use the knife, you hold the body."

"Be quiet, girls!" cried Lady Wallington: "you know I can't bear to hear your constant bickerings with each other."

"Well mamma, I did not begin—Laura attacked me first."

"I know it."

"And what did I say, mamma? Nothing very severe; and I am sure it is all true."

"Perhaps so; but—"

"Perhaps so! I like your saying that, Lady Wallington; for who is so severe as yourself? I am sure, if your daughters are so, they learnt it from you."

"Very dutiful, indeed, Miss Wallington! But it is my own fault: my indulgence, and the tenderness of my nature, my exquisite maternal feelings, which led me never to deny you anything, have brought on me this ungrateful return."

"Ungrateful! No, madam, we are not ungrateful!" exclaimed both the sisters at once, united now in a common cause.

"You talk of your exquisite maternal feelings, indeed!" cried one. "Your selfish ones you mean," cried the other, "which would not let you be at the trouble of correcting us. Had you done your duty by us, we should have been grateful.—If I am violent in temper, who made me so?"

"If Anne and I quarrel more than sisters should, it is owing to your partiality for her when she was a child, which made me dislike her; and which your apparent love for me since I grew up and have been thought as handsome as Anne, has never banished from my memory."

"As handsome as I am!" cried Anne, fire flashing from her eyes: "you vain——"

Here she was interrupted by a violent scream from Lady Wallington, which ended in a fit; and this "happiest of mothers" was carried to bed in strong hysterics, brought on by the unkindness of her spoiled children.

Mrs. Norman, the *toad-eater* of the family, meanwhile, now at least was sincere, and gave way to a natural feeling, when she muttered to herself, though loud enough for Caroline to hear, before she followed her screaming friend and the now penitent daughters to Lady Wallington's apartment, "What vile tempers they all have! I am sure no one would live with them who could live anywhere else. Do you not agree with me, Miss Caroline?" shrugging up her shoulders, and looking up in Caroline's face, with all the contempt which she felt for her tyrannical relation.

But she met with no answering glance from the high-principled Caroline; who, elevating her head with the pride of virtuous feeling, replied to her, "I believe you forget madam, that you are speaking to me of my relations, and that I am the object of their bounty."

So saying, she hastened to her aunt's apartment; and it was Caroline who performed a daughter's duty by her, and watched by her bedside. Lady Wallington woke, after an hour's forgetfulness, and asked, "Who is there? is it Anne or Laura?"

"No: it is I dear aunt," replied Caroline.

"You?"

"Yes; my cousins were so tired, they were forced to go to bed."

"And were not you tired?"

"Oh dear! not in the least."

"And you did not make me ill?"

"Indeed, dear aunt, my cousins were very sorry to go, but they were quite overpowered. They, however, desired me to call them, if you were ill again."

"Indeed! Well, that was much for them: but it is all my own fault; and you, Caroline—you whom — You are a kind, affectionate creature, Caroline, and I will not forget it."

Here she heaved a deep sigh, and was silent, if not asleep again.

Caroline spoke the truth when she said she was not tired; for the occurrences of the former part of the evening had exhilarated her so much, that she was not conscious of fatigue. In the first place, she had become acquainted with Miss Dormer, and had evidently been regarded by her with partiality. In the next place, the handsomest and most agreeable-looking man whom she had ever seen had thought her like Miss Dormer, whom she believed *beautiful*, and he thought *handsome*.—She, the plain Caroline, as she had always been taught to consider herself; she, who had always been told it was a wonderful thing if she had good partners and many of them, because she had so few personal pretensions, had that evening evidently more than divided with her cousins the attentions of this very pleasing man; and a feeling of self-complacency, which she had never experienced before, gratified her artless and innocent bosom.—"I like Miss Dormer! impossible!" she said to herself: then going on tiptoe to the glass, she endeavored to contemplate her features by the light of the lamp in the chimney; but she could only see them imperfectly, and she returned disappointed to her chair.

However, the same thoughts again recurred; while again the wish returned to gaze upon those features which now, for the first time, had gained importance in her eyes. She therefore made another effort, and took the lamp to the glass, instead of carrying, as she had before done, the glass to the lamp; but in so doing, she struck the lamp against the drawers, and awoke her aunt, who exclaimed, "What noise is that?" Luckily, however, for Caroline, who would not lie, and who would have blushed to own the truth, she fell asleep again, without waiting for an answer.

Caroline now returned the lamp to its place, without another attempt to profit by its light: for her rightly-feeling mind was shocked to think she had, in order to indulge a trumpery vanity, disturbed the rest of one whose slumbers she was pretending to guard; and she now sighed, while she thought how soon that mind which she had once fancied could not be upset, was capable of being misled, if the same incense was applied to her self-love. "I see that I should have been like my cousins, if I had, had the same temptations;" and while her heart glowed with pious thankfulness for exemption from their dangers, she felt the most generous indulgence for their errors, and the sentiment of self-blame for having ever judged them severely.

It was not till six o'clock that Lady Wallington woke; when, assuring Caroline that she was quite recovered, she insisted on her retiring to bed, and calling her own maid to her.

[Concluded in our next.]

"My horse, sir! Why, I'll wager it to stand still faster than your's can gallop!"—*Footnote.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

PROSE POETRY.

Suggested by "Opie Ann's" verses on Love in the last Repository.

'Tis fun to us to see the fuss, Miss Opie Ann, and trouble, that oft doth spring from love—a thing as trifling as a bubble. To hear folks make vows that they'll break, and say "my dear," "my honey;" and talk of hearts and Cupid's darts—to us this seems quite funny.

You speak, dear madam, of old Adam, and think his wife was winning; because, forsooth, the ardent youth loved her after sinning. But he, I claim, was not to blame—his case was quite uncommon; what could be done—'twas Eve or none—she was the only woman.

Some call love bliss, but sure they miss the name that it doth merit; so much alloy's mixed with the joy I would not wish to share it. It breaks one's rest—disturbs his breast, turns reason into folly, and common sense is driven hence in gloom and melancholy. It burns like fire, and wont expire, when it has seized the rash one; and it makes fellows sigh like bellows to cool the flaming passion. Wise men and fools become its tools, and lend it their devotion; and many a one has frantic run when swayed by the emotion. There may be fun unto the one who wisely keeps above it; but Opie Ann, I think there's none unto the subject of it.

O.P.H.

BIOGRAPHY.

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM J. WORTH.

GEN. WORTH was born in the city of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. in 1794, received a plain but substantial education and began life as a trader's clerk in this city. He died on the 7th of May, 1849, at Antonio de Bexar, Texas, of cholera. He was sick but twenty four hours. His wife and all his children but one were with him at the time of his death. His ancestors were from Devonshire, England, and settled in Massachusetts in 1642.—The General's father followed the sea, but the son was bred to mercantile pursuits, though he once said to an acquaintance that "he was not born to be a merchant." His inclinations pointed to the army.

Worth has been compared, and not unjustly, to Murat. His handsome person and his daring courage forcibly recalled to mind, during the war with Mexico, the Roland of Napoleon's army.—Few American officers participated in as many battles as Worth, none perhaps in such brilliant and numerous victories. Prominently distinguished in the war of 1812—then in that of Florida—then under Taylor at Monterey—and finally in the campaign against the city of Mexico, he ran a career alike fortunate and brilliant, and one in which glory and promotion followed hand in hand. But alas! just when the war is over, and the time has come for him to repose on his laurels, he is cut off by an ignoble disease, in a paltry frontier town.—Such is human life. Such is the end of early glory.

When the war of 1812 broke out he entered the army as a private, but did not remain long in the ranks. A fellow clerk, who had enlisted with him, having been placed under arrest for some indis-

cretion, applied to Worth for advice, who undertook to write a petition for the delinquent, to the colonel of the regiment. This officer happened to be Scott. Struck by the style and penmanship of the petition, he inquired the name of the writer, and in the interview that followed, was so pleased with Worth's manners, and soldierly and handsome person, that he appointed him his private secretary. Scott did not stop here. He procured for Worth a commission as lieutenant in the twenty-third regiment; and the merits of the young subaltern, joined to some good fortune, did the rest for his advancement. Worth rose rapidly, indeed, during the war of 1812. At Chippewa he distinguished himself so highly that he was brevetted a captain; at Lundy's Lane he won the rank of major, and if peace had not been declared immediately afterward, he would doubtless have advanced still farther.

After the peace, Worth was, for some time superintendent of the West Point Military Academy. In 1821, after the retirement of General Armistead, Worth succeeded to the chief command in Florida, where he had been serving, as second in rank, for about a year. Ambitions of distinction, he sought every opportunity to bring the Indians to action, and though often disappointed finally succeeded.—In recompense for his gallantry on this occasion Worth was brevetted a brigadier general.

When a war with Mexico became probable he was detached to Corpus Christi, to join Taylor; and remained with the general until just before the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The cause of his leaving camp, as is well known, was a difference between him and Twiggs, growing out of his brevet rank. He hastened to Washington, intending to resign; but the war altered his decision, and cancelling his resignation he hurried back to the army.

Taylor, sympathizing with the feelings, of Worth, who could not forgive himself for having missed the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, assigned to him at Monterey, the task of carrying the heights on the Saltillo road, with one division of the army, while, with the other, the commander in chief advanced against the town from the Serralvo road. This was, in fact, giving Worth an independent command—for, after once separating, it was found impossible to keep up the communication between the two divisions of the army.

Worth carried in succession, the various forts commanding the Saltillo road—stormed the Bishop's palace which overlooked the town—and pushing forward through the suburbs, entered the streets throwing shot and shells, and carrying terror and dismay before him. He was within a short distance of the great square, when the town capitulated to Taylor, penetrating to the plaza from the other side. For his exploits at Monterey he was brevetted a major general.

His next great exploit was at Molino del Rey where he carried the almost impregnable works of the enemy, after a tremendous struggle, in which more lives were lost, in proportion to the number engaged, than in any action in the war.

Worth also fought with distinction at Sierra Gordo, at Cherubusco, and at the storming of the gates of Mexico.

He was, perhaps, after Taylor and Scott, the most efficient—certainly the most popular—of the generals in the war with Mexico.

The character of Worth may be sketched in few words. He was brave to a fault, sufficiently good as a tactician, chivalrous, of popular manners, of imposing presence, haughty, at times overbearing, impetuous, warm hearted, a fast friend. In many respects he resembled Decatur. In battle, especially where daring courage was required, he had no superior. His soldiers still tell, with enthusiasm, that at Monterey he dismounted from his horse, placed his plumed hat on the point of his sword, and waving it high overhead, led them to storm the Bishop's Castle. Such tales recall the Paladins of old romance.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MISCELLANY.

From Scott's Weekly Paper.

THE "GREAT MYSTERIES"

OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE FOUND OUT.

"I've just found it all out 'bout you Sons of Temperance," exclaimed old Mrs. Credulous in a extacy of ill concealed delight. "You Sonnies can't cheat me, I'm 'little tew cunnen for you.—No use for you to tell me 'bout your Love for Brethren and all that sort of stuff, and put on your mysterious airs and keep your tongues under lock and all that. I've found it all out. I know the hull on't from the beginnin' to cend." And she looked very knowingly, as she tossed her head proudly. Her eyes sparkling like coals of fire.—The old lady had just returned from a tea party given by Mrs. Jones; where a young man not a member of the Order, but who affected to be one, and well acquainted with all the "mysteries of the Order," and every thing appertaining to it, had quietly fallen in with the whimsical objections the dear old creature had wisely made against the Sons of Temperance, and to fix them in their opinions, and superstitious conjectures, and amused himself by favoring them with a pretended development of the secrets of the Order, and a full description of the ceremonies of initiation.

Her son in law to whom she made the above triumphant exclamation above quoted, was a member of the Order, who had long ago ceased, from what he saw a vain attempt to eradicate the good old lady's objections, and now suffered her to enjoy her opinions to her heart's content. But on this occasion her triumphant and emphatic manner, excited his curiosity, and he quietly asked her to explain herself.

"Oh! Johnny," said she, "you wouldn't ax me to 'splain myself ef you know'd what I could tell you ef I was a mine tew. But I won't gratify you so much, that I won't."

"Well!" said Johnny, as he took up his hat and stepped towards the door.

"You remember that persuasion was powerful enough to induce Jack to eat his supper on a particular occasion don't you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Johnny.

This raised the ire of the old lady, and she declared she would tell it now "jest out of spite."—She was dying all the while to make her revelation, but hoped Johnny, would coax her to unfold the tale.

"Well," said Johnny, "I'm all attention."

"In the first place," began the old lady, "the feller that's to be took in, has got to go with a parcel of fellers in a dark room, and when they get him

thare, they lock him up in a big iron chest, with a hole in one eend for him to breathe through. And there he's kept three hours, then he's sneaked out of that and rubbed all over with soft soap, and drawn through a big holler pipe till he hollers like a loon. Then he's taken out and tied up in a sack, and a passel of them heathenish fellers carry him into the room where they hold meetin's. Then the lights is all put out and when the room's as dark as Egypt, he's taken out of the sack and put in a coffin. The lid is screwed down, and he's lugged round the room nigh about half an hour."

"How does he breathe, mother?"

"Yew need'nt make so strange 'bout them holes bored in the top on't; about half an hour, as I was sayin' and then the coffin is sot up on one eend, and a dead march is sung, and he's axed in an awful solemn voice that sounds jest for all the world like a ghost, ef he's willin' to proceed. Ef he says he is, then the lid is unscrew'd and finds himself standing with six sharp pynted swords held close to his breast and neck, by fellers dressed like evil spirits. Oh! massy on us! it's enuff to make a body's blood run cold tew think on't. And he's told ef he ever tells a word about the secrets of the Order, he'll be made away with jest as sartin' as the death."

"Do you believe they would murder him if he should tell, mother?"

"To be sure I do—I know they would."

"How did Tom Smith escape to tell you this?"

"Poor creetur!" exclaiming the good old lady. "I'm the fust one he ever told, and I spect ev'ry minit to hear that he's missin." But don't interrupt me so—yeou put me out Wall, he promises faithfully—I'm blessed ef I don't believe he dassent for his life do any other way than promise that he'll never tell to livin' creetur. Then he's told ef he dus, that his tongue'll be chopped off and his mouth sew'd up, his eyes put out, and his hands tied behind him, and in that distressed condition he'll be put in a coffin and buried alive in less than no time."

"Wall, the miserable critter is then let out of the coffin and walked about the room on his hands and knees, and ordered to thank them heathenish fellers for pinchin' kickin' and punchin' him, pul-len' his hair, ringin' his nose, and treadin' on his corns. You needn't laff. It's all as true as Gospel, and you know it. It's shameful to treat human natur in that way and not to be laffed at nuther."

"Then he's ordered tew sit on a plank all covered over with burgundy pitch, and made tew smoke opium and sneezin' snuff till he's nigh about half dead, and then they give him the grip and—"

"Why mother, they have no grip."

"No use for you tew try tew deceive me! I know the hull on't from top to bottom."

"Well then, what is the grip, mother?"

"Why, one of 'em grabs him by the neck, and he grabs tother, and then they give each other an all chokin, squeeze. Then they whisper the secret word in his left ear."

"What's the word, mother?"

"Bellymashazzar, to be shure; you know as well as I do. You needn't laff agin. It won't do. Then they give him the sign;—that great secret sign you always make so much fuss about."

"How's that made," cried Johnny, half convulsed with laughter at the form of initiation.

"This way," promptly replied the old lady.—
"By shuttin' your left eye, and taken' the cend of your nose in your left hand."

"Wall, then he's marched up and down the room dressed in a red gown, looken' for the world like a witch, and after he's taken an oath, awful enough to make one's hair tew stand on cend every way, he's told to take a seat among the rest of 'em and welcomed as a Son of Temperance.

"There, you see I know the hull on't and I'll tell everybody. I won't do nothin' else; for I think as I allers said, its heathenish, barbarous mummery, that makes heathens and infidels of christian men, and shud orter be put down tew smash. How d'ye feel now Johnny, you begin to find the old woman's 'about right, don't you," triumphantly exclaimed the old lady, as she took an enormous pinch of snuff, drew her spectacles over her eyes and turned towards her son-in-law.

Johnny was in a convulsion of laughter but contrived to gasp his convictions that the Order was all blown to pieces.

Mrs. Credulous believes to this day, that all this mad wag, Smith, told her is true to a letter. Nor is she alone in her strange belief. There are thousands like Mrs. Credulous, every where, whose prejudices are nursed and kept alive with nameless surmises, terrible suspicions, and outlandish stories relative to the character and "secrets" of the Order, not a whit less ridiculous, and as far removed from the truth as the veracious, developments by this good old lady.

THE VALUE OF A CLERKSHIP.

ONE of the editors of the *Day-Book*, formerly a practical merchant, and one who has had some experience as a merchant's clerk, reads a homily to young men anxious to "get into business for themselves and become rich," well worth remembering: "There are but few clerks who have any idea of the value of a clerkship in a New-York jobbing house. Most of them look upon it as worthless, as far as mere salary is concerned, and content themselves with their situations only because they suppose that in a few years they will be able to get into business for themselves and become rich, and be, in a measure, compensated for their past services. There are not, probably, ten clerks in New-York who think they are doing better on the small salary they are receiving than they ever will do in business for themselves. And there are not ten who ever will do half as well in business for themselves as they are doing with their salary.—During the last twelve years the writer has been acquainted with more than four hundred dry-goods clerks in this city; he cannot find ten of the number now in successful business. One in fifty is a fair estimate of the number of clerks that succeed in business for themselves. A clerk who will commence on a salary of six hundred dollars a year at the age of twenty-one, with a merchant having a capital of twenty thousand dollars, and save out of his salary two hundred dollars a year, and lend it to his employer at seven per cent. on his note at six months—add the interest to the principal when the note is paid—and lend it again, and so receiving his interest semi-annually and reinvesting it—will, at the age of forty, have possessed himself of all his employer's capital, and a large share of his profits. With the exception of the retail dry-goods

business, there is not one that holds out less encouragement to clerks than the jobbing business.—The salaries of the clerks are all that there is about the business worth having; and the clerks, as a class, get more than three-quarters of all the money there is made in the business. Country boys, who come to New-York to get situations in stores, make very great mistakes. They had better learn a trade, or stick to the farm. Most of them are too proud to be tailors, or carpenters, or builders, or printers; only a few will take a situation in a book-store, or music-store, or furniture-store, or any of the various manufacturing establishments about the city. Nothing will do but a wholesale dry-goods store. Into these they crowd year after year where those who are not ruined by dissipation, waste five or six years of their lives in learning a business, and then return to some profitable employment in the country, or go to California. The young man who goes into a dry-goods store with any other view of making money than that of saving it from his salary, makes a mistake that will cost him the best part of a life-time to get over.—Better learn a trade, boys, a good deal. You won't believe it now, but you will before you are ten years older; 'then make a note on't.'"

AN ORIGINAL TRICK.

THE Paris correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, relates the following good story:

"A new method of raising the wind was resorted to a few days since, by a couple of precious scamps, which should have succeeded if ingenuity of this kind were entitled to any reward. The sharpest Yankee would not be ashamed of the trick hit upon by these Parisian gamins. About 10 o'clock in the morning, and tolerably chilly morning it was, the passers along the Quai du Marche aux Fleurs noticed a young man, with a very melancholy and suicidal look, standing near one of the bridges alone. Suddenly he cast his eyes upward, as if to take a last view of the skies, muttered apparently as in prayer for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the river. While all stood paralyzed at this rash attempt, a young man came up and inquired, with great simplicity, what was the matter. The individual who was floundering in the turbid current of the Seine, and who had just risen to the surface, was pointed out to him, when stripping off his blouse, and ejaculating that he would save the unfortunate or perish in the attempt he plunged in after him. The bystanders watched with breathless anxiety as the heroic youth dove, came up to the surface, and again went under in his endeavors to save the wretch who had attempted his own destruction; and finally when nearly all hope was lost, the crowd were rejoiced on seeing the suicide brought to shore with life still in him. Close by was a house or station, where half-drowned persons are restored, and where those who rescue them receive the municipal reward of twenty-five francs. Thither the rescued and the rescuer were born by the crowd, the latter overwhelmed with the admiration and praise which his gallantry called forth on all sides; but unfortunately just as the demand was about to be given him, and while a subscription for an additional sum was being raised, a policeman stepped up who knew them both. They were brothers, were two of the best swimmers in Paris, and made it a business to go about saving each others' lives for a living!"

GEMS OF "POOR RICHARD."

- "If pride leads the van beggary brings up the rear.
- "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.
- "God heals and the doctor takes the fees.
- "Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at other's expense.
- "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
- "Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.
- "Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
- "A mob's a monster; heads enough, but no brains.
- "Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.
- "When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.
- "A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.
- "A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.
- "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.
- "Nothing dies sooner than a tear.
- "Kings and bears often worry their keepers.
- "He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.
- "Love well, whip well.
- "Hunger never saw bad bread.
- "Great talkers, little doers.
- "The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough, not one.
- "Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, and the other half practice what they censure. The rest always say and do as they ought.
- "Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price."

INGENUITY OF THE GERMANS.

THE following are some of the inventions which have originated in Germany, and also the time when they were made known:—Saw-mills in 850; sun-dials in 898; fulling-mills in 996; tillage of hops in 1070; wind-mills and oil paintings, in 1100; spectacles in 1270; paper of linen rags in 1300; organs in 1312; gunpowder and cannons in 1318; wire making in 1350; hats in 1330; pins in 1379; grist-mills in 1389; wood engravings in 1423; printing in 1436; printing presses in 1439; copper-plate engraving and printing ink in 1440; cast types in 1442; chiming of bells in 1487; watches, letter posts or mails, etching, and bolting apparatus, in 1500; gun-locks in 1527; spinning-wheels in 1535; almanacs, stoves, and sealing-wax, in 1546; telescopes in 1590; wooden bellows in 1610; microscopes in 1620; thermometers in 1638; mezzotint engraving in 1643; air pumps in 1650; electric machines in 1651; pendulum clocks in 1655; clarionets in 1690; white china ware in 1706; Prussian blue in 1707; stereotyping in 1709; mercurial thermometer in 1715; piano fortes in 1717; solar microscope in 1736; the gamut in 1753; lithography in 1796.—Besides, there are several German inventions of which we cannot ascertain the date, such as door-locks and latches, the modern screw-auger and gimlet, the cradle for harvesting, etc. Surely a

nation which has made such contributions to the interests of literature and the arts, must occupy a high rank in intellect and ingenuity.

CROSS READINGS.

A DROLL fellow, being requested by an old lady to read the newspaper, took it up and read as follows:—"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a kip custard for a levy and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumped over it and broke his ankle right off above the knee and fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey-gobblers—the wind blew Yankee Doodle into a frying-pan, and knocked the old Dutch churn down and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Bosting, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter!" The old lady raised up both hands and exclaimed: "Du tell!"

FALSE CHARITY.

A NEGRO preacher speaking from "What is man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" mentioned, among other things, that many lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people," said he, "attend meeting, hear the sermon, and, when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation—this part was for that man, and that part for that woman; such denunciations for such persons, these threats for you sinners—and so," continued the shrewd African, "they give away the whole sermon and keep none for themselves."

COUNTING THE LIVE STOCK.

AN old farmer "out west," was in the nightly habit of counting his live stock, to see whether any had gone astray. Said he to his son, "John, have you counted the hogs?" "Yes, sir." "And the cows?" "Yes sir." "And the sheep?" "Yes, sir." "And the geese?" "Yes sir." "And the turkeys?" "Yes sir." "Well, John, now go and wake up the old hen, and count her, then we'll go to bed!"

FIRST LOVE.

THE conversation at Holland House turned upon first love—Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by pairing."

LORD AVONDALE, chief Baron of the Exchequer was much given to anticipation. A lawyer, to show the evil of his anticipation, once observed in his presence—"Coming through the market just now, I saw a butcher, with his knife, going to kill a calf; at that moment a child ran across him and he killed—" "Oh, my goodness!" "He killed—" "The child!" exclaimed his lordship—"No, my lord, the calf, but you will always anticipate."

THE popular negro melody of "Dance, boatmen dance; dance all night till broad daylight, and go home with the gals in the morning," is thus rendered into prose: "Mingle in the mazes of the

dance, thou knight of the oar, while the resplendent luminary of the day has withdrawn his light from the earth, till the bright Aurora gilds the Eastern sky with golden light, and then with thy characteristic gallantry, accompany the fair and unsophisticated participants of thy pleasure to their paternal mansions."

It is becoming a kind of proverb in everybody's mouth, that it is the duty of parents and teachers to make children happy. But there are two ways to give children pleasure. The one is to make them happy in the performance of duty, the other is to find out what appetites, tastes, or passions they desire to have gratified, and minister to these. When we talk about making children happy, let us understand which kind of happiness is meant.

ACCORDING to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger they grow older, and are never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions (on the contrary they will run after lions) and according to Gunter, they can talk a few!

A MARKET man informed us, a day or two ago that he had some fine apples in the city market on Saturday, for which he asked only *two cents* the half peck, but there was no sale. One customer offered him a *cent*, and would take one half peck at that price, but he grumbled very hard at the measure given!

A FEW mornings since, an employer observing one of his workmen staggering about his work, accosted him with—"What is the matter, Sam?" "Nothing, sir, only I'm loaded." "You're discharged, then," was the reply. "Then of course I must go off," rejoined Sam, and away he went.

"DIARREE of Physician," said old mother Frizletop, as she spelt out through her antiquated iron rims, something about the "Diary of a Physician," in a paper the other day. "I should think if he was much of a doctor he needn't hev' that complaint long."

A MOTHER admonishing her son about seven years of age, told him he should never defer till tomorrow what he could do to day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night."

"VAT you makes dare?" inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart, very clamorously:—"Oh, not much, only courting, dat's all!" "Oh! dat's all, eh? I taught you vas vighting!"

AMONG all the pointed things of Junius, there is nothing superior to this: "Private credit is wealth—public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird, supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

SOME one, looking at a rich man, said. "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it day and night, ever since, for his victuals and clothes."

ON a very wet day in the west of Scotland, an English traveller inquired peevishly of a native if it always rained in that country. "No," replied the Highlander *dryly*, "it sometimes snows."

AN individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business and was just trying to *get his hand in*.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband calmly.

BEAUTY eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him even to the grave.

"Who is the strongest man?" "The man that can lift his note every day without borrowing."

SOMEBODY says that females go to meeting to look at each other's bonnets. That is down-right scandal. They go to show their own.

THE LAST WELLERISM.—"I guess there arn't no gammon about this," as the Yankee said when he tried a slice of his wooden ham.

"I CAN take no pleasure in you, when you get in one of your snappish ways," as the rat said to the steel trap.

INTERESTING—to have your new hat blown off, and see a friend stop it by putting his foot on it.

THE climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman don't care how she looks.

"If all men were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish clergyman.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. Milan, Ohio, \$2.00; J. W. S. Schodack Landing, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 22d inst. by the Rev. G. Collins, Mr. William Perry, to Miss Catharine Shults, both of this city. On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Rev. George W. Coan, to Mrs. Sarah Kipp. In Egremont, by the Rev. Mr. Green, of Vandensenville, Mr. Geo. C. Burghardt, of Stockport, to Miss Mary S. Hallenbeck, of the former place. At Pine Plains, on the 12th inst. by Rev. William N. Sayre, Mr. Dewitt C. Tripp, to Miss Cyrena Finkle, both of Ancram Columbia County.

DEATHS.

On the 3d inst. Wm. W. Barringer, in the 66th year of his age. On the 29th ult. Josephine, youngest child of John and Caroline L. Crasper, aged 1 year, 3 month and 20 days. At Saratoga Springs, on the 23d inst. Cornelia R. widow of the late Jacob Rutzen Van Rensselaer, in the 76th year of her age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLET.

BY L. CASSANDRA BROCKSBANK.

THE sun had cast his golden beams,
Upon the softly flowing streams,
The birds that caroled on the trees,
Sang sweetly to the morning breeze.
Within a wild sequestered bower,
There bloomed a lone neglected flower,
That seemed as if it lived and smiled,
To beautify the forest wild.
Then spake the flower, as thro' the dell,
Its silvery voice—I knew it well—
Came, mingled with a rich perfume,
The incense of the violet's bloom.
"Why am I doomed to live and die,
All unadmired by mortal eye.
As fair am I, as happier flowers,
That deck with pride the garden bowers,
Yet here upon the desert air
I must expend my fragrance rare,
The sunbeams shun this dreary dell,
Where I, a hapless flower must dwell."
A little maiden passing by,
Heard the violet's plaintive sigh,
And sought it near the silvery stream,
Half hidden in its veil of green.
"No longer shalt thou blossom here,
Without a joy thy life to cheer:
Come and in my garden bloom,
And there bestow thy rich perfume."
Borne from the forest far away,
And planted in a garden gay:
Where flowers of every shade and hue,
Around in rich profusion grew.
Exotics rare in stately pride,
Bloomed in grandeur by its side.
The queenly rose and lily pale,
Outshine the flowret of the vale.
The gaudy tulip looked with scorn,
Upon the little lowly born;
The poppy claimed the fragrance sweet,
Of the violet at its feet.
The little maid forgets the flower,
Transplanted from the woodland bower,
Nor heeds again the plaintive sigh
That first allured her wandering eye.
The luckless violet pined away,
And grew less lovely day by day,
And vainly wished again to dwell
Within the quiet happy dell.
The flower so late the forest pride,
Within the garden drooped and died.
Its fragrant breath was early spent,
It lived and died in discontent.

MORAL.

"Twere best to take with thankful heart,
What e'er our God bestows;
Nor by repining blast our joys,
And multiply our woes.

Hudson, N. Y. May, 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

THE REMEMBERED ONE.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

YES, thou art present now, with thy dark sparkling
Eyes, which erst did beam so kindly on me,
And thy smooth white brow, o'er which the chestnut
Hair hung in soft ringlets.

I had forgotten
Thee! In the gay noisy crowds of active life,
Where care sits with his wrinkled brow, and keen
Eyed avarice counts its yellow gains, thy

Smiling image never came, but as I sat
Alone this quiet morning musing o'er
My task, thou camest forth from memory's halls,
As fresh with life—as gay with youth, as thou
Wast, ere the grave had claimed thee.

Where art

Thou now? Safe anchored in the climes of
Endless bliss, with thy loved ones around thee?
The Mother, Sister, Brother, who wept o'er
Thy exit with pale cheek and swollen eyes,
Are laid as lowly now as him they wept.
'Tis ever thus; we scarce have time to dry
Our tears o'er buried Friendship, ere we haste
To share the quiet of its clay-cold couch—ere
In the spirit-land, we find the one we
Mourned.

Sleep on, and let the mildew of the
Grave creep slowly o'er thee! I ne'er again
May tread the flowery sod above thy breast,
Or bend in twilight's hour to read thy name
And eulogy upon the snowy marble which
Towers o'er thy dust. It matters not!
A few more years, perchance a few more hours,
Will show me, all the mysteries thou hast
Learned.

Lovina, Alabama, 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

THE GIRLS.

BY AARON DE LANO.

YES, it is the "poet's duty,"
Now and then to sing of beauty,
Eulogize the witching girls,
Praise their dark and matchless curls.

Once, so beautiful they seemed,
That each maiden fair I deemed
As an angel from above,
Sent to light our path with love.

Fearful lest from earth they'd fly
To some clime beyond the sky,
The men, I thought, had "clipped their wings,"
And kept them here—bewitching things.

That did not woman with her smile,
Every care of life beguile,
Earth would be a desert drear,
Where no blossoms e'er appear.

I'd not learned, that e'en a smile
May conceal a heart of guile,
And beneath a winning mien,
Cold deceit be often seen.

Now, I view them angels bright,
Fallen from the realms of light—
Banished from a place of bliss,
To a world so drear as this.

Maine Village, N. Y.

For the Rural Repository.

THE INVALID'S REQUEST TO A MUSICAL FRIEND.

BY MRS. J. M. W.

AH! why, my friend, so loth to give
Those mellow notes I thought so dear,
For they will in remembrance live
Till I shall cease to linger here.

Those melting numbers, soft and low;
Lift up the soul like magic spell,
They brought the silent tear to flow,
As on the ear they sweetly fell.

Who could but weep, at such deep strains
As touched so mournfully mine ear,
They woke a chord which still remains
In waiting yet, those tones to hear.

I ever loved that plaintive sound,
From youth I sought the pensive lay,
And memory still oft lingers round
Sad melodies of childhood's day.

Then touch again that favorite air,
In clear rich strains, sweet as the past;
And you, loved friend, may truly share
Pure friendship which till death shall last.

Oh! haste those notes, time quickly flies,
With me it soon will be no more,
And soothe a heart doomed ne'er to rise
Till anchored on that blissful shore.

That worthy hand of perfect mould,
Can gracefully each key glide o'er,
So praise the Lord on harps of Gold
Where kindred spirits God adore.

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